

Drawings by FRED PEGRAM.

Copyright, 1908, 1906, by Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

AMAKER OF HISTORY

BY E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM,

Author of "The Master Mummer," "A Prince of Sinners," "Mysterious Mr. Sablin," "Anna the Adventuress."

CHAPTER XVIII.

"WHO ARE THESE PEOPLE?"

It seemed to Duncombe that time stood still. Andrew's face, wholly disfigured by the hideous dark spectacles, unrecognizable, threatening, was within a few inches of his own. He felt the other's hot breath upon his cheek. For a moment there stole through his numbed senses the fear of more terrible things. And then the grip which held him relaxed. Andrew stood away gasping. The crisis was over.

"You led to me, George? Why?" "Duncombe did not answer. He could not. It was as though his body had been emptied of all breath.

"You meant to keep the contents of that telegram a secret from me? Why? Was I right or all? Read me that telegram, George. Read it me truthfully."

"The telegram is from Spencer," Duncombe said. "He is coming here."

"Here? Is he giving up the search? Has he failed then?"

"He does not say," Duncombe answered. "He says simply that he is coming here. He has wired for a motor to meet him at Lynn. He may be here tonight."

A discordant laugh broke from Pelham's lips.

"What about your Miss Fielding, now?" he exclaimed. "Why do you suppose that he is leaving Paris and coming here? I was right. I knew that I was right."

Duncombe stood up. His expanse of shirt front was crumpled and battered. His white tie was hanging down in ribbons.

"Listen, Andrew," he exclaimed. "I am speaking of the girl by whose side I sat tonight at dinner, who calls herself Miss Fielding, who has—in plain words—denied that she knows anything of Phyllis Poynton. I want you to understand this. Whatever she may choose to call herself, that shall be her name. I will not have her questioned or bullied or watched. If Spencer comes here to do either I have finished with him. I elect myself her protector. I will stand between her and all suspicion of evil things."

"She has found a champion indeed!" Pelham exclaimed fiercely. "With Miss Fielding I have nothing to do. Yet you had better understand this. If she be Phyllis Poynton she belongs to me, and not to you. She was mine before you heard her name. I have watched her grow up from a child. I taught her to ride and to shoot and to swim. I have watched her listening to the wind, bending over the flowers in her garden. I have watched her when the moon rose, and the eastern sky above, I have watched her where to look for the beautiful things of life. She has belonged to me in all ways, save one. I am a poor, helpless creature now, George, but, by the gods, I will let no one rob me of my one holy compensation. She is the girl I love, the better part of my life."

"Phyllis Poynton may be all these things to you," Duncombe answered. "I do not know her. I do not recognize her. Find her, if you can; make her what you will. All that I ask of you is that you divest your mind of these senseless suspicions. Seek Phyllis Poynton where you will, but leave alone the woman whom I love. I will not have her troubled or annoyed by needless importunities. She says she is Miss Fielding. Then she is Miss Fielding. It is enough for me. It must be enough for you!"

"And what about Spencer?" Pelham asked grimly.

"Spencer in this matter is my servant," Duncombe answered. "If his search for Phyllis Poynton entails his annoying Miss Fielding, then he is dismissed. I will have no more to do with the business."

"I have heard of this man Spencer," Andrew answered. "If you think that he is the sort of creature whom you can order about like that, I fancy that you are mistaken. You can try to call him off, if you like, but you won't succeed. He is searching for Phyllis Poynton, and he is coming here. I believe that he will find her."

The windows were wide open, and both men suddenly turned around. There was no mistaking the sound that came to them from the road outside—the regular throb and beat of a perfectly balanced engine. Then they heard a man's voice, cool and precise.

"Here you are, then, and a sovereign for yourself. A capital little car, this. Good night!"

The little iron gate opened and closed. A tall man in a loose traveling coat, and carrying a small bag, entered. He saw Duncombe standing at the open window and waved his hand. As he approached his boyish face lit up into a smile.

"What luck to find you up!" he exclaimed. "You got my telegram?" "An hour ago," Duncombe answered. "This is my friend, Andrew Pelham. What will you have?"

"Whisky and soda, and a biscuit, please," was the prompt reply. "Have it up to you. I hope, coming down from the clouds in this fashion?"

"Not in the least," Duncombe answered. "You've made us very curious, though."

"Dear me!" Spencer exclaimed, "what pity! I came here to ask questions, not to answer them. You've set me a regular poser, Duncombe. By Jove! that's good whisky!"

"Help yourself," Duncombe answered. "We won't bother you tonight. I'll show you a room as soon as you've had a cigarette. Fair crossing?"

"No idea," Spencer answered. "I slept all the way. Jolly place you've got here, Duncombe. Nice country, too."

"There is just one question," Pelham began.

"Shan't answer it—tonight," Spencer interrupted firmly. "I'm dead sleepy, and I couldn't guarantee to tell the truth. And you know tomorrow comes—I'll be frank with you—I've very little to say. Pardon me, but where does Mr. Pelham come in in this matter?"

"Pelham," Duncombe said slowly, "was a neighbor of Miss Poynton's, in Devonshire. It was through him that I first went to Paris to search for her."

"Yes. You telegraphed to Duncombe to know the names of Lord Runtun's guests, and now you have come here yourself. Why?"

Spencer helped himself to another sandwich.

"I came here," he said, "because I didn't seem to be getting on in Paris. It struck me that the clue to Miss Poynton's disappearance might after all be on this side of the channel."

Pelham guided himself by the table to the sideboard. He stood close to Spencer.

"Mr. Spencer," he said, "I am almost blind, and I cannot see your face, but I want you to tell me the truth. I expect it from you."

"My dear fellow," Spencer answered. "I'm awfully sorry for you, of course, but I really don't see why I should answer your questions at all, truthfully or untruthfully. I have been making a few inquiries for my friend Duncombe. At present I regret to say that I have been unsuccessful. In their present crude state I should prefer to keep my discoveries, such as they are, to myself."

Pelham struck the sideboard with his clenched fist so that all the glasses rattled upon the tray. His face was dark with passion.

"I will not be ignored in this matter," he declared. "Phyllis Poynton and her brother are nothing to Duncombe. He acted only for me. He cannot deny it. Ask him for yourself."

"I do not need to ask him," Spencer replied. "I am perfectly well aware of the circumstances of the case. All the same, I am not ready to answer questions from you or anybody else."

"You shall tell me this at least," Pelham declared. "You shall tell me why you telegraphed here for the names of Lord Runtun's house party."

"Simplest thing in the world," Spencer answered, relinquishing his attack upon the sandwiches and lighting a cigarette. "I did it to oblige a friend who writes society notes for the New York Herald."

Duncombe gave vent to a little exclamation of triumph. Pelham for the moment was speechless.

"A fully sorry if I've misled you in any way," Spencer continued. "I never imagined your connecting my request with the disappearance of Phyllis Poynton. Why should I?"

"The fact is," Duncombe interposed, "there is a girl staying at Runtun Place whose voice Pelham declares is exactly like Phyllis Poynton's, and whose general appearance, I will admit, is somewhat similar to the photograph I have shown you. It is a coincidence, of course, but beyond that it is absurd to go. This young lady is a Miss Fielding. She is there with her father, and they are invited guests, with all the proper credentials."

Spencer nodded.

"I suppose it is because I am not a lady's man," he said carelessly, "but I must admit that all girls' voices sound pretty much alike to me."

"I wish to heaven that I could see your face!" Pelham exclaimed. "I should know whether you were telling me the truth."

"The weak point about my temporary profession is," Spencer remarked thoughtfully, "that it enables even strangers to insult one with impunity."

"If I have misled you," Pelham said with some dignity, "I am sorry. I am to understand, then, that you have no news whatever to give us about the disappearance of Phyllis Poynton and her brother?"

"Not a scrap," Spencer answered. "I will wish you both good night, then," Pelham said. "No, don't trouble, George. I can find my way quite well by myself."

He disappeared, and Duncombe drew a sigh of relief.

"Excitable person, your friend!" Spencer remarked.

Duncombe nodded.

"Very! I am frightened to death that he will make an ass of himself before Miss Fielding. If he hears her speak he loses his head."

"Nice girl?" Spencer asked.

"Yes—very!"

"What sort of a fellow's the father?"

"Very quiet. I've scarcely spoken to him. They're Americans. Friends of Lord Runtun's brother, out in New York. Ever heard of them?"

"Yes, a few times."

She wore a flat Tam-o'-Shanter hat, from under the confines of which her hair was defying the restraint of hatpins and elastic. She stood there swaying a little and the violence of the wind, slim and elegant notwithstanding a certain intensity of gaze and bearing. Duncombe felt his heart give a quick jump as he recognized her. Then he started up the hill as fast as he could go.

She stood perfectly still, watching him clamber up to her side. Her face showed no sign of pleasure or annoyance at his coming. He felt at once that what he had done had realized the coming of the tragedy.

No words of conventional greeting passed between them as he clambered breathless to her side. The wind had brought no color into her cheeks. There were rings under her eyes. She had the appearance of one who had come into touch with fearsome things.

"What do you want with me?" she asked. "Why are you here?"

"To be with you," he answered. "You know why."

She laughed mirthlessly.

"Better go back," she exclaimed. "I am no fit companion for any one to-day. I came out to be alone."

A gust of wind came tearing up the hillside. They both struggled for breath.

"I came," he said, "to find you. I was going to the house. Something has happened which you ought to know."

She looked back towards the long white front of the house, and there was terror in her eyes.

"Something is happening there," she muttered, "and I am afraid."

He took her gloved hand. It was as cold as ice. She did not resist his touch, but her fingers lay passively in his.

"Let me be your friend," he pleaded. "Never mind what has happened, or what is going to happen. You are in trouble. Let me share it with you."

"You cannot," she answered. "You, nor any one else in the world. Let me go. You don't understand."

"I understand more than you think," he answered.

She turned her startled eyes upon him.

"What do you mean?" she cried.

"I mean that the man whom we employed to trace the whereabouts of Phyllis Poynton and her brother arrived from Paris last night," he answered. "He wanted a list of Lord Runtun's house party. Can you guess why?"

"Go on!"

"Mr. Fielding of New York left Haver on Saturday."

"Stop!"

Her voice was a staccato note of agony. Between the fingers which were pressed to her face he could see the slow, painful flushing of her cheeks.

"Why did you come to tell me this?" she asked in a low voice.

"You know," he answered.

"Did you guess last night that we were impostors?" she asked.

"Certainly not," he answered. "Andrew was tortured with doubts about you. He believed that you were Phyllis Poynton."

"I am!" she whispered. "I was afraid of him all the evening. He must have known."

It seemed to Duncombe that the rocks and gorse bushes were spinning round and the ground was swaying under his feet. The wind, which had kept them half breathless, seemed full of mocking voices. She was an impostor. These were her own words. She was in danger of detection, perhaps of other things. At that very moment Spencer might have gained an entrance into Runtun Place. He felt uncertain of himself, and all the time her eyes watched him jealously.

"Why did you come here?" she cried. "Why do you look at me like that? It is no concern of yours who I am. Why do you interfere?"



"Guard this for me," she whispered.

brakes," he declared. "I expect Lord Runtun and the rest of them are coming back."

"Coming back?" she repeated, with a little gasp. "But they were going to shoot all day and dine there. They are not expected home till past midnight."

"I expect the shoot is off," Duncombe remarked. "One couldn't possibly hit anything a day like this. I wonder they ever started."

Her face was white enough before, but it was deathly now. Her lips parted, but only a little moan came from them. He heard the rust of her skirts, and saw her spring forward. He was left alone upon the hilltop.

CHAPTER XX.

MR. FIELDING IN A NEW ROLE.

Runtun was apparently enjoying the relaxation of having got rid of practically the whole of his guests for the day. The women servants were going about their duties faithfully enough, but with a marked absence of any superfluous energy. Mr. Harrison, the butler, was enjoying a quiet pipe in his room and a leisurely perusal of the morning paper. Mrs. Ellis, the much respected housekeeper, was also in her room comfortably ensconced in an easy chair, and studying a new volume of collected menus which a friend had sent her from Paris. The servants were not exactly neglecting their work, but every one was appreciating a certain sense of peace which the emptying of the house from a crowd of more or less exacting guests had brought about.

In one room only things were different, and neither Mrs. Ellis nor Mr. Harrison, nor any of the household, knew anything about that. It was the principal guest chamber on the first floor—a large and handsomely furnished apartment. Barely an hour ago it had been full of guests. Scattered over the carpet by its side were various strange looking tools, by means of which he had forced the lock. Mr. Fielding was not at all his usual self. His face was absolutely colorless, and to his shoulder blade and shiver went through his whole frame. There was a faint odor of gun powder in the room, and somewhere near the feet of the prostrate man lay a small shining revolver. Next to it, Mr. Fielding persevered in his task.

Suddenly there came an interruption. Footsteps outside in the corridor had passed. There was a sharp tapping at the door. The prostrate man groaned, and then he was wholly unconscious. Mr. Fielding closed the box and staggered to his feet.

He stood for a moment staring wildly at the door. Who could it be? He had asked as a special favor, that he might not be disturbed, and Mr. Fielding knew how to ask favors of servants. Interruption now meant disaster, absolute and unqualified—the end, perhaps, of a career in which he had achieved some success. Big drops of perspiration stood out upon his forehead, drawn there by the pain and this new fear. Slowly, and on tip-toe, he drew near the door.

"Who is it?" he asked with wonderful calmness.

"It is I! Let me in!" came the swift answer, and Mr. Fielding drew a little breath of relief. Nevertheless he was angry. He opened the door and drew the girl in.

"You fool!" he exclaimed. "I sent you out of the way on purpose. Why have you come back?"

She opened her lips, but no words came. The man on the floor groaned. She asked upon her feet. It was all so horrible.

"Speak, can't you?" he muttered between his teeth. "Things have gone badly here. I'm wounded, and I'm afraid I've hurt that chap—pretty badly."

"I was in the park," she faltered, "and saw them. They are all coming back."

"Coming back?"

"They are almost here. Sir George Duncombe told me that they could not shoot because of the wind."

"The car?"

"Down stairs—waiting."

He had forgotten his hurt. He caught up his hat and a coat, and pushed her

out of the room. He locked the door and thrust the key into his pocket. As they walked down the corridor he lit a cigarette.

A footman met them in the hall.

"A gentleman has called to see you, sir—a Mr. Spencer," he announced. "I have shown him into the library."

Mr. Fielding appeared to hesitate for a moment.

"It is the man who wants to sell us the car," he exclaimed, turning towards the girl, "but I haven't even seen it yet. Better tell him to wait for a quarter of an hour," he added, turning towards the footman. "I'll just drive down to the lodge gates and back. Come along, Sybil."

She followed him to the front door. A man was seated at the wheel of the motor car and turned his head quickly as they approached. Mr. Fielding nodded pleasantly, though his face was white with exasperating pain.

"Keep you waiting, I'm afraid," he said. "Can you drive at all in a wind like this?"

"Jump in, sir, and see," the man answered. "Is the young lady coming?"

Mr. Fielding nodded and stepped into the front seat. The girl was already in the tonneau. The man slipped in his clutch, and they glided around the broad circular sweep in front of the entrance. Just as they started the wagonette drew up.

"We shan't be more than a few minutes," Mr. Fielding cried out, waving his hand. Sorry you've lost your day's sport."

"Hold on a minute, and I'll come with you," Runtun called out. "That car looks like going."

But Mr. Fielding did not hear.

Duncombe, who had returned from the park by the fields, was crossing the road to enter his own gates, when a black speck far away on the top of the hill attracted his attention. He stood still, gazing at it, and was instantly aware that it was approaching him at an almost incredible speed. It gathered shape swiftly, and he watched it with a fascination which kept him rooted to the spot. Above the wind he could hear the throbbing of its engines. He saw it round a slight curve in the road, with two wheels in the air, and a skid which seemed for a moment as though it must mean destruction. Mud and small stones flew up around it. The driver was crouching forward over the wheel, tense and motionless. Duncombe moved to the side of the road to let it pass, with a little exclamation of anger.

Then it came more clearly into sight, and he forgot his anger in his amazement. The seat next the driver was occupied by a man leaning far back, whose face was like the face of the dead. Behind was a solitary passenger. She was leaning over, as though trying to speak to her companion. Her hair streamed wild in the wind, and on her face was a look of blank and fearful terror. Duncombe half moved forward. "She saw him, and touched the driver's arm. His hand seemed to fly to the side of the car, and his right foot was jammed down. With grinding of brakes and the screaming of locked wheels, the car was brought to a standstill within a few feet of him. He sprang eagerly forward. She was already upon her feet in the road.

"Sir George," she said, "your warning, as you see, was barely in time. We are adventurer and adventures—detected. I suppose you are a magistrate. Don't you think that you ought to detain us?"

"What can I do to help you?" he asked simply.

She looked at him eagerly. There were mud spots all up her gown, even upon her face. Her hair was wildly disordered. She carried her hat in her hand.

"You mean it?" she cried.

"You know that I do!"

She turned and looked up the road along which they had come. There was no soul in sight. She looked even up at the long line of windows which frowned upon them from the back of the Hall. They, too, were empty. She thrust a long envelope suddenly into his hand.

"Guard this for me," she whispered. "Don't let any one know that you have it. Don't speak of it to any one. Keep it until I can send for it."

sound of galloping horses. He caught her by the wrist, dragged her through the gate and behind a great shrub on the lawn.

"Stay there!" he exclaimed hoarsely. "Don't move. I will come back."

Half a dozen horsemen were coming along the lane at steeplechase pace. Lord Runtun, on his wonderful black horse, which no man before had ever seen him gallop save across the softest of country, pulled up outside the gate.

"Seen a motor go by, Duncombe?" he called out.

Duncombe nodded.

"Rather," he answered. "Fielding and Miss Fielding in it—going like hell!"

Runtun waved his companions on and leaned down to Duncombe.

"Beastly unpleasant thing happened, Duncombe," he said. "Fielding and his daughter have bolted. Fielding seems to have half killed a messenger who came down from London to see Von Rothe, and stolen some papers. Fact of the matter is, he's not Fielding at all—and as for the girl! Lord knows who she is. Sorry for you, Duncombe. Hope you weren't very hard hit!"

He gathered up his reins.

"We've sent telegrams everywhere," he said, "but the beast has cut the telephone, and Von Rothe blasphemes if we talk about the police. It's a queer business."

He rode off. Duncombe returned to where the girl was standing. She was clutching at the branches of the shrub as though prostrate with fear, but at his return she straightened herself. How much had she heard he wondered.

"Don't move!" he said.

She nodded.

"Can any one see me?" she asked.

"Not from the road."

"From the house?"

"They could," he admitted, "but it is the servants' dinner hour. Don't you notice how quiet the house is?"

"Yes."

She was very white. She seemed to find some difficulty in speaking. There was fear in her eyes.

"It would not be safe for you to leave here at present," he said. "I am going to take you into a little room leading out of my study. No one ever goes in. You will be safe there for a time."

"If I could sit down—for a little while."

He took her arm and led her unresistingly towards the house. The library window was closed, but he opened it easily and helped her through. At

the further end of the room was an inner door, which he threw open.

"This is a room which no one except myself ever enters," he said. "I used to do a little painting here sometimes. Sit down, please, in that easy chair. I am going to get you a glass of wine."

They heard the library door suddenly opened. A voice, shaking with passion, called out his name.

"Duncombe, are you here? Duncombe!"

There was a dead silence. They could hear him moving about the room.

"Hing, are you? Brute! Come out, or I'll—by heavens, I'll shoot you if you don't tell me the truth. I heard her voice in the lane. I'll swear to it."

Duncombe glanced quickly towards his companion. She lay back in the chair in a dead faint.

Why Keep a Cow?

Use

The natural flavor

A guaranteed cure for the Liquor and Tobacco Habits.

PRICE \$12.50.

Schramm's, Where the Cars Stop, Sole Agency.

If It Happens It's in The Herald

Bell Phone 876.

Ind. Phone 877.

W. S. HENDERSON

Wholesale Grocer

CORNER SECOND SOUTH AND THIRD WEST STS.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

Prompt Shipments to All Parts of the Country.

High Grade Groceries.

Mail Orders Solicited.

California Summer Excursions

STOP OVERS

On Sale June 1st to Sept. 15th, Inclusive. Final Limit October 31st.